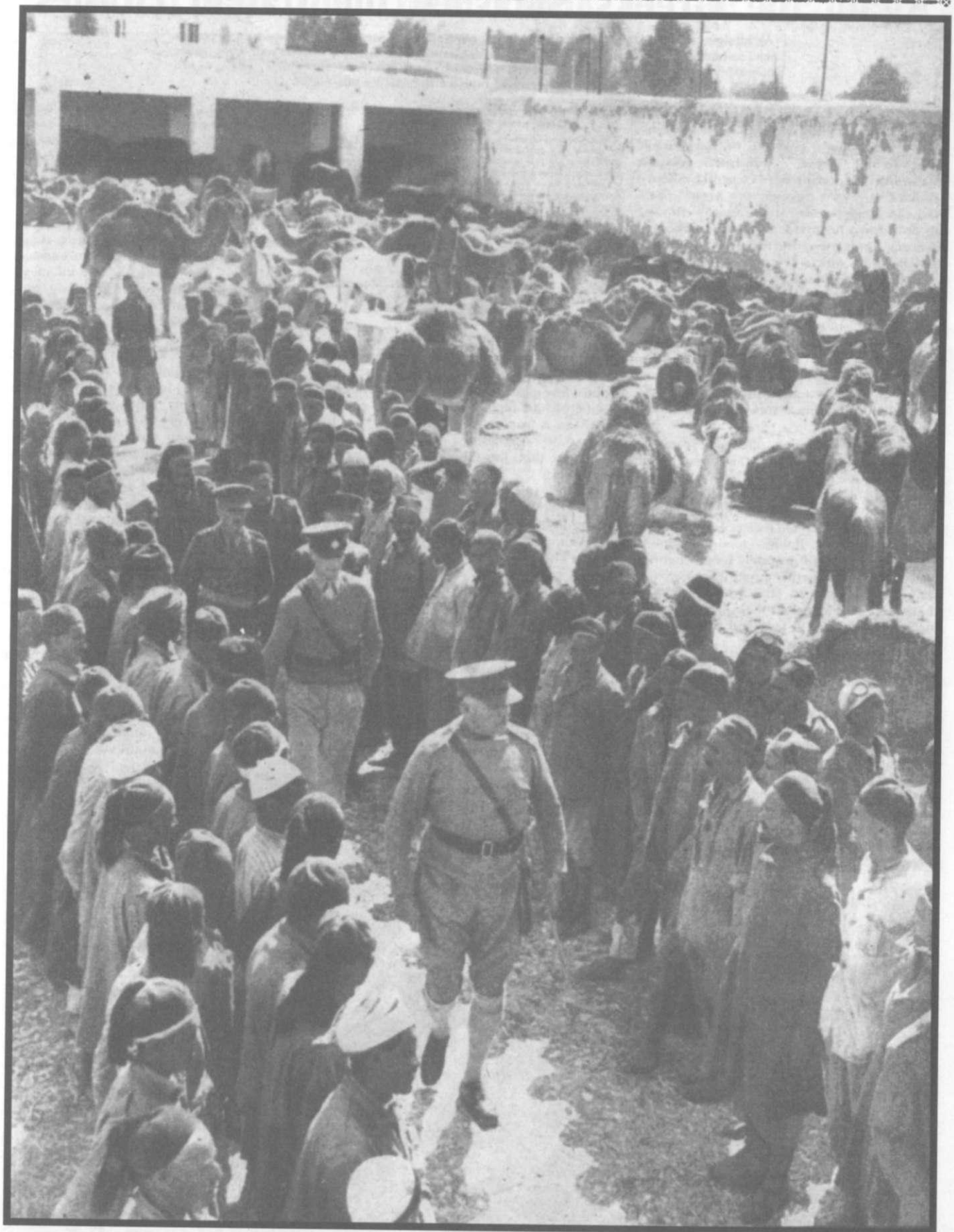


CYRENAICA'S CONQUEROR INSPECTS AN ENEMY UNIT

Lieut.-General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, who commanded the Army of the Nile during the operations in the Western Desert, was appointed Military Governor and C.-in-C. of Cyrenaica on February 10, 1941, and was created G.B.E. He is here seen in the most westerly area inspecting a Tripolitan camel corps who with their beasts fell into British hands when the Italians made their hasty retreat. General Wilson is wearing a uniform of his own devising, a jersey with the shoulder badges of his rank. His aide-de-camp following him wears the same unconventional but comfortable attire.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Again the Greeks Smashed the Italian Hordes

As likely as not the Italian offensive which opened in the mountains of Albania on March 9 was intended to coincide with a German demonstration against Greece and even more against Yugoslavia. But once again the Greeks upset the Axis time-table, since, as we tell below, they completely repelled the Italian onslaught.

TIRED of the months of indecisive warfare in the Albanian mountains, increasingly resentful of the damage done to his already diminished prestige, Mussolini in March ordered General Cavallero to hack his way through the Greek lines. We can imagine the Duce angrily striding up and down his great room in the Palazzo Venezia, fuming over the news from the front, that news to which not even his pen could give the semblance of victory. Why did not Cavallero advance? Why did he not smash the Greeks? Why had he not appeared before the gates of Salonika where his army ought to have been months before? Why, indeed! The Greeks gave Mussolini his answer—those once despised but now feared Greeks who have proved more than a match for the crack troops of the Italian Empire.

News of the coming offensive seems to have trickled through to the Greek High Command, for on March 6 General Papagos anticipated it by launching a local offensive, which in a few hours developed so successfully that his men gained mastery of important heights which the Italians had intended to be their jumping-off ground. Fierce fighting continued for several days, in which the Italians were pressed still farther back, so that when they launched their great offensive on Sunday, March 9, they had to begin it at a great tactical disadvantage.

But Mussolini had given the order, and Cavallero knew better than to disobey. Having brought up large reinforcements and plentiful supplies of ammunition, the Italian C.-in-C. gave the order to advance. From Lake Okhrida to the Adriatic the battle front in mountain and valley blazed into activity after the long rest forced by the bitter winter weather. But the principal zone of operations was a sector barely twenty miles in width facing Tepeline, extending from the valley of the River Aoos (Vijose) to the southern slopes of Mt. Tomori. On this narrow front

LONG LIVE THE GREEK ARMY!

"The seven-day effort made by the enemy has failed to shake you and has afforded you a fresh occasion to show him your splendid warlike qualities and above all your faith in the justice of your cause. The campaign, which you have been victoriously carrying on for four months, has covered you with laurels of glory which cannot be excelled. The enemy's endeavour is being crushed; your will remains unbent; and your conviction of victory is undiminished. The whole of our army, which you in the central sector so splendidly represent in its history, to which you are adding fresh and glorious pages, follows you and admires you. I send you my heartiest congratulations."

Order of the Day issued by General Papagos, Greek Commander-in-Chief, to his men on March 16.

seven Italian divisions were hurled into the fight, supported by a special legion of Blackshirts, three independent regiments of picked troops, and eight other battalions. The chief weight of the Italian offensive was concentrated on a front of 2½ miles wide, on the north of the Trebeshina range, where it was calculated that the Greek resistance would be weakest.

But this calculation was soon disproved. Wave after wave of Italian shock troops—Alpini, Bersaglieri and Blackshirts to the fore—were dashed back with the most bloody loss. The ground in front of the Greek positions was covered with wounded and dead. Though subjected to a heavy bombardment from a vastly superior artillery and frequently bombed from the air, the Greeks gave never an inch. Each enemy attack was followed, as a matter of course, by a counter-attack, which drove the enemy headlong down the mountain side. As a result of these counter-attacks the Greeks had taken, even early in the battle, more than 3,000 prisoners, including many senior officers.

For six days the battle raged; for six days 120,000 Italians were continuously engaged on that twenty-mile front in an endeavour to cut their way through. But all in vain. After suffering horrible losses they retired to lick their wounds. Their casualties in killed and wounded alone were stated to amount to 50,000, and in addition several thousand prisoners were left in Greek hands. Several of the Italian divisions were so shattered that they had to be withdrawn from the line, and many units were reported to have lost forty or fifty per cent of their effectives. Among the casualties were six members of the Fascist Grand Council, including Professor Pellegrini, who was taken prisoner, and Barberini and Bottai, Minister of Education, who were among the slain; according to report, Bottai was killed while endeavouring to rally his retreating troops with his revolver.

"The enemy has failed to occupy a yard of territory," announced a semi-official statement issued in Athens, "and the offensive has been completely checked." It was claimed that "the results of this success are among the most important we have yet won, especially as the enemy's attempt was preceded by long preparations, as immense quantities of ammunition were accumulated and large forces engaged far in excess of our own." So conclusive was the Greek victory that it was regarded as improbable

(*Continued in page* 340)

GENERAL PAPAGOS (right), Greek C.-in-C., has just been appointed by the King an Hon. G.B.E.

These houses (below left) in the Greek town of Larissa were destroyed by Italian bombs while their inhabitants were still suffering from a severe earthquake.

On the map below is shown (dotted line) the approximate battle front following the bloody repulse of the Italian offensive of March 9-15. *Photos, Sport & General and Planet News*

What Did the Duce Think of the Débâcle?

BEHIND THE GREEK LINES the staff at a regimental office are censoring letters to mothers and wives. Family affection is strong among the Greeks, and the soldiers from country districts where compulsory attendance at school is not always strictly enforced manage to find a friendly scribe to write home.

Not least of the many virtues that the Greek Army has displayed is the cheerfulness with which they have endured Arctic conditions in Albania. The sentry, above, standing by a supply wagon in a blizzard, still smiled.

TENDING WOUNDED in Albania was made extremely difficult by the rough roads and the absence of railways. The soldiers themselves, as this photo shows, often gave first-aid to their wounded comrades. Casualties had sometimes to be carried long distances on stretchers to the nearest first aid post.

THE GREEKS have proved themselves a nation of both heroes and heroines, for women have voluntarily undertaken tasks so arduous that only their life of strenuous toil in the fields makes them capable of the exertion. Right, stouthearted and sturdy daughters of Greece are carrying heavy boxes of ammunition towards the front over a mountain track so rough and steep that wheeled transport is impossible.

Photos, Bosshard and Courtesy of the Royal Greek Legation

What Will Be the Next Change in Europe's Map?

that the enemy would be able to renew the offensive for weeks to come.

If report spake true, Mussolini himself was an eye-witness of the débâcle. Perhaps he thought that his presence would suffice almost of itself to give his men the victory. If he indeed were at the front, still more if he were actually directing the offensive and had insisted (as was said) on a decisive victory by March 15, then what must have been his chagrin, his humiliation, when he saw his crack regiments, despite all their frantic efforts, shattered against the granite walls of the Greek resistance? The soldiers were told that the Duce was with them, that he was touring that vital central sector in an armoured car or a tank. But none of the prisoners seemed to have actually seen him, although some had been informed that he was "visiting the next unit."

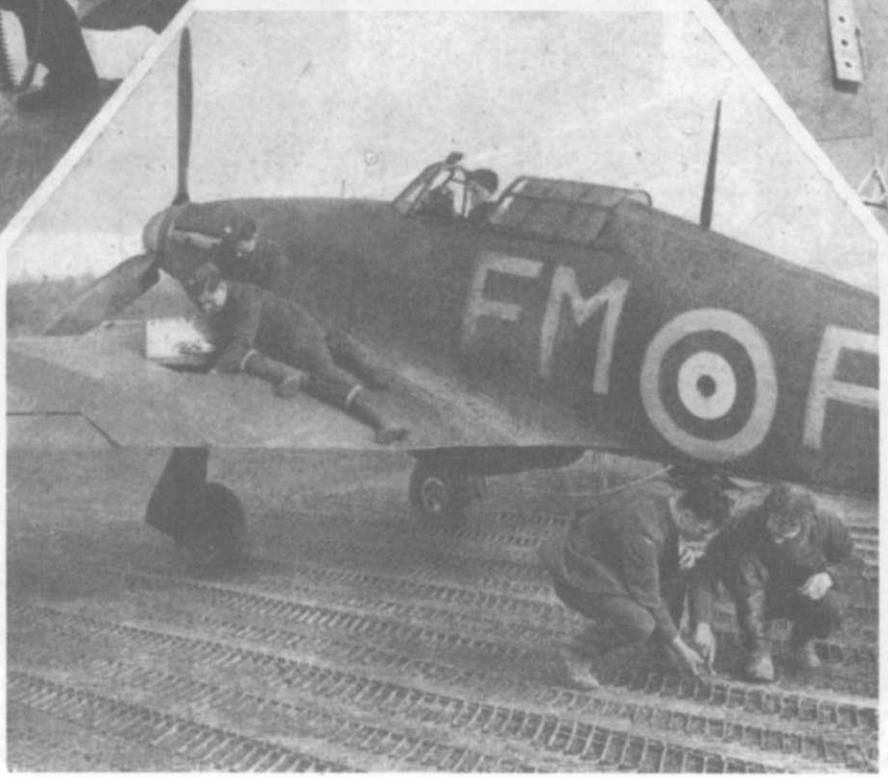
March 15 came, but it brought with it no victory. "The Duce," said Athens radio, "planned to return to Italy on Saturday with a victory, but what he will take back will be one more defeat, the heaviest of all, and the maledictions of the battered Italian army." So beaten, indeed, that deserters who made their appearance in the Greek lines confessed that the Italian army in Albania "was rapidly disintegrating" after the failure of the great offensive. Many units, they said, were in wild, headlong flight towards the Adriatic, and there was little discipline left anywhere. True, Cavallero and his lieutenant, General Geloso, sent their men over the top in yet another attack, but this, too, was beaten back by the indomitable Greeks, powerfully supported by bombers of the R.A.F. Then came the news that Tepeline, which had been one of the principal Greek objectives since December, had been entered by the Greek troops. The report, as it happened, was premature, but there was nothing uncertain about the Greek triumph.

THIS STRATEGICAL MAP OF WARTIME EUROPE shows as clearly as may be the areas under the control of the belligerent Powers—Britain and her Allies on the one hand and the Axis states on the other. It also has a strategical interest, for on it are indicated the direction of military operations already in progress and even more of the moves which the future may hold in store—in particular the invasion routes which it has been suggested the Nazis might attempt, the zones of the blockade and counter-blockade, and the German thrust into the Balkans and the British into Libya.

Map from "New York Times"

Thirty Is the Burma Squadron's Bag—So Far

IN September, 1940, Burma gave £140,000 to Britain to build fighter 'planes for a Burma Squadron. The squadron, consisting entirely of Hurricanes, had, by the middle of March, 1941, destroyed 30 enemy 'planes, while its leader, Squadron-Leader R. R. Stanford-Tuck, D.S.O., D.F.C., had scored 22 confirmed victories, the latest being achieved on March 19, 1941, when he had gone up to test the weather and received news that an enemy aircraft was flying off the East Coast. He gave chase, caught the Dornier, and after two short bursts saw it go down in a steep glide into the sea. The first Burmese to be given a commission in the R.A.F., is now serving as an officer with the Burma squadron. This squadron has the distinction of having brought down the first Italian 'plane over Britain.



Sq.-Ldr. STANFORD TUCK is seen in the top photograph with some officers of his squadron examining a steel helmet, a souvenir of the first Italian 'plane brought down over England. Above with the Squadron Leader, the Burmese officer (right) is overhauling the ammunition belt of a Hurricane.

Above, a final check-up of the equipment of one of the Hurricanes is being made under the watchful eye of the Squadron-Leader. Left, the ground staff of the aerodrome are at work on the special wire netting which helps "take-offs" when the ground is greasy with mud.

Photos, Planet News

Well May Turkey be Proud of Her Army

Though with the seizure of Bulgaria the Nazi troops were on their very frontier, the Turks refused to be cowed. "Turkey," declared the Ankara radio, "stands as a fortress, ready to obey every command of the President. Turkey stands erect, head high, and proud." This article treats of the Army in which our ally so rightly puts her trust.

MANY a resounding page has been written in European military annals by the Turkish Army since that day, some six centuries ago, when the Sultan's hosts crossed the Dardanelles from Asia Minor and embarked on that career of conquest which carried them to the gates of Vienna. Even in the last hundred years, when the Ottoman power was visibly declining, the valour of the Turkish soldiery was never in dispute. On many a hopeless field they have fought just as bravely, just as stubbornly, as did their fathers when the crescent flag was the emblem of victory. Defeated in the Balkan wars, defeated in the Great War, in both Turkey's soldiers more than maintained their reputation as fighting men.

Since 1918 that reputation has been enhanced by the triumphs of the war against Greece, which in 1923 resulted in the Greeks being driven out of Asia Minor; and in a war today the Turks may be confidently expected to more than repeat the remarkable performance of eighteen years ago. Under the inspiring leadership and expert guidance of Kemal Pasha (Ataturk) and his lieutenant, now President Inonu, Turkey's army is second to none in the Middle East—indeed, in some very important respects it may rank with the finest military establishments of the Continent. To modern Turkey, as to modern Japan, the army is the symbol, as it has been the instrument, of the national renascence.

Two Million Bayonets

Every Turk is liable for military service between the ages of 20 and 46; usually he serves 18 months in the infantry or two years in the cavalry, artillery, and air arm. Every year not far short of 100,000 young men are called to the colours, and the peace-time strength of the army is approximately 20,000 officers and 175,000 rank and file. For the past year or two—since the war clouds began to loom over the Eastern Mediterranean—the army has been put on a war footing, and it is believed that Turkey has at the moment considerably more than a million men under arms. In the event of war she might muster two million bayonets. In peacetime the army was organized in nine army corps, each of which was normally composed of two infantry divisions, a heavy artillery regiment of two to four batteries, a squadron of cavalry, and the usual corps troops. Each infantry division was made up of three regiments of three battalions and three machine-gun companies, one artillery regiment of two field batteries and two mountain batteries, a company of pioneers, and a company of signallers, etc. Considerable forces are stationed at the four great fortresses of Chatalja (the famous Lines which bar the way to Istanbul from the European side), Izmir (as Smyrna is called today), Kars, and Erzerum.

Turkish officers receive their military education at the military college at Ankara. The usual course is for two years, and every cadet has to serve six months in the ranks. All university graduates when called up for service serve six months in the ranks, then six months in an officer cadet training corps, and a third six months in the army as officer cadets, after which they are demobilized, although they are often called up for refresher courses. At the old-established military academy at Istanbul, field officers take specialist courses.

New Material from Overseas

In the matter of equipment the Turkish army is now reasonably up to date. Large numbers of guns of all kinds, tanks, and trucks for the transport of men and material have been purchased from Britain and Canada, and month by month the number of mechanized and motorized units grows.

THE TURKISH ARMY OF TODAY has been extensively mechanized and re-equipped with modern instruments of war. In the upper photograph a column of lorries, each carrying an anti-aircraft gun, is moving through typical Turkish country during manoeuvres. Above, a Turkish officer is using a range-finder. *Photos, Fox and Press Topics*

The infantry are armed chiefly with Mauser rifles, while the artillery have 75mm. field guns and 10·5 and 12 cm. howitzers. Recently heavy batteries have been equipped with guns supplied by Britain and America.

Under the Turkish Constitution the supreme command of the army is vested in and exercised by the President of the Republic, who is also chairman of the Supreme War Council. In time of peace the actual command of the military forces is entrusted to the Chief of the General Staff—at present Field Marshal Fevzi Chakmak, a close friend and comrade of Ataturk. In the present state of near-war, the Marshal is in effect the Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish army. In the event of actual hostilities we may presume that it would be Marshal Chakmak who would lead the Turkish army in the field—and lead it, we may believe in all confidence, to victory.

They March Under the Banner of the Crescent

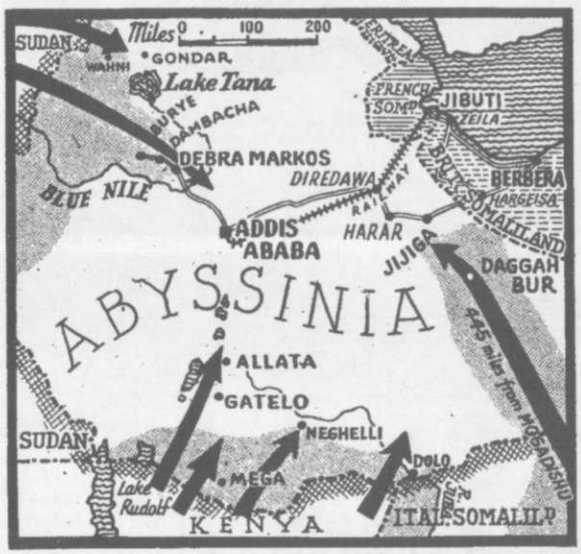
TURKISH REGIMENTS, in keeping with the progressive tendencies of modern Turkey, are now provided with modern military equipment. They have been quick to realize the importance of speed in manoeuvre, and in the top photograph a motor-cycle unit is moving off, three men to each outfit, one in the saddle, one on the pillion and one in the sidecar, with their arms slung across their shoulders. In the lower photograph a Turkish infantry battalion is seen marching past at an inspection during manoeuvres with the national flag—white crescent and star on a red ground—flying and the band playing in the background.

Photos, Fox

The Union Jack Flies Again Over Berbera

When Berbera was occupied by the Italians in August, 1940, Rome claimed that a jewel had been taken from His Britannic Majesty's crown. For our part it was admitted that, though it was a rather dusty jewel and of no great price, its loss constituted a blow at British prestige in the East. The Italian triumph was short-lived, however, for on March 16, 1941, Berbera was recaptured by Imperial troops.

For seven months Berbera, capital of the British colony in Somaliland, was in the hands of the Italians. They took it in August, 1940, at the close of a brief campaign in which they had been able to oppose battalions to companies or even platoons. They hailed its capture as the first fruits of a campaign which would ere long end with the British being driven out of East Africa; they claimed that, with Berbera in their hands, the Red Sea would be closed to British trade and the Mediterranean Fleet would be bottled up. This was their claim, their hope, but the one was falsified as they were disappointed in the other. Their tenure of the place proved to be of little advantage to them, and they did next to nothing to consolidate their "conquest." Then, in March, they lost in a few hours what in August they had taken nearly a fortnight to win.



The capture of Berbera gives, as this map shows, a new point of attack for the Imperial and Patriot forces in Abyssinia. The direction of the other advances is shown by arrows, while the territory already taken is shaded.

"The British flag again flies over Berbera," read a communiqué issued from British G.H.Q., Cairo, on Monday, March 17, "which was yesterday recaptured after our troops had made a successful landing in cooperation with units of the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force." The story was given a few hours later in a cable from Aden.

Landings in the Dark

Plans for the assault were prepared with the utmost care and skill. From reports which had been received from friendly natives it was known that the Italians holding the town were in no position to make a prolonged resistance. First our aircraft photographed the whole enemy position, so revealing the Italian plan of defence. Next the bombers of the R.A.F. went into action, heavily raiding the enemy aerodromes. Then, shortly before midnight on Saturday, March 15, a little fleet of British warships and troop-carriers crept silently in the dark towards the Somaliland coast. The night was calm and the moon, obscured now and again by clouds, showed dimly the long low line of the foreshore with a mass of mountains beyond.

With a view to dividing the already depleted and demoralized Italians, two landings had been planned at places most unfavourable for the defence. The one on the west was entrusted to picked Indian regiments supported by engineers and artillery, while the second on the east was to be carried out by a force of Somalis and Arabs specially raised for the purpose at Aden and under English officers.

Attack from East and West

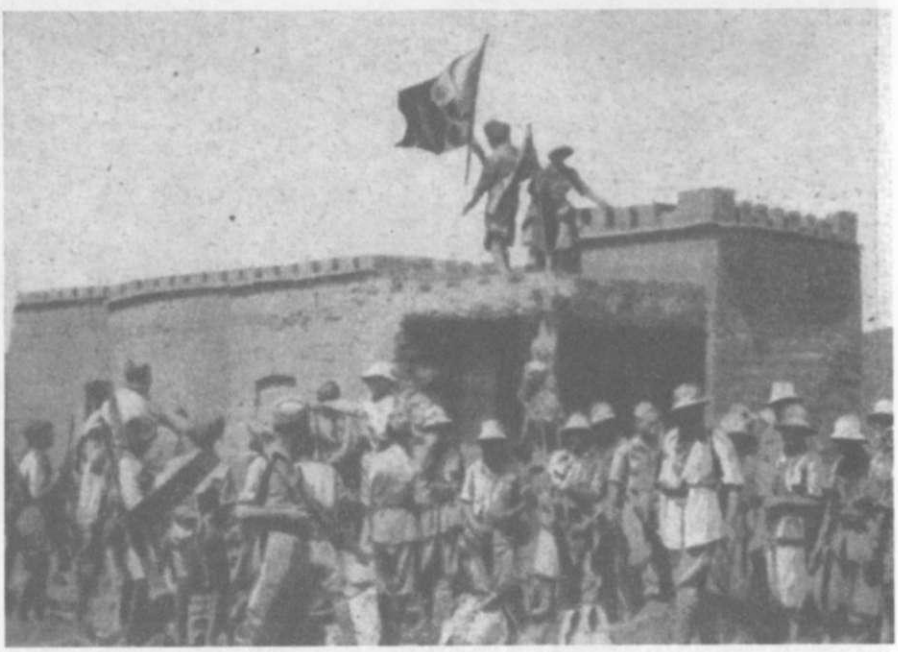
Just before zero hour one of the warships crept in close to the coast and lowered a tiny skiff in which were three men under a lieutenant. They were the pioneers of the re-occupation, and their job was to mark a landing beach without being detected by the enemy. The little boat slipped away into the dark, and to the anxious watchers it seemed an age before a single flash announced that they had completed their task. Then suddenly the peace of the Gulf of Aden was shattered by the thunder of the naval guns. At once the force on the west wing began their assault, while the Somali force on the other side of the town continued their landing and advanced along the shore towards Berbera, about two miles distant. Later it was learned that the greater part of the Italian forces had left the town under cover of darkness just before our approach, but with a few machine-guns and field guns those who had been left behind tried to hold up the advance of the Somalis. Their resistance was soon crushed, however, by the naval guns, the accuracy of whose fire in the murky light with only an occasional flash to give them their aim was remarkable.

Swiftly the Somali-Arab force pushed their way along the shore, while to the west the major attack was developing satisfactorily. By 9.20 on Sunday morning the operation was over and Berbera was once more in British hands. As the victors entered the outskirts they were greeted by crowds of natives waving Union Jacks and Somaliland flags which they had kept hidden in their huts in anticipation of this day.

One of the first to enter the town was an officer of the Somaliland administration who during the months of exile at Aden had kept in personal touch with the territory. He strode through the streets as though he were just coming back from his usual morning walk, and from all sides he was greeted by smiling men and women. Within a few hours transport and stores were being landed from the ships and gangs of Somali labourers were repairing the road which the Italians had blown up in their flight.

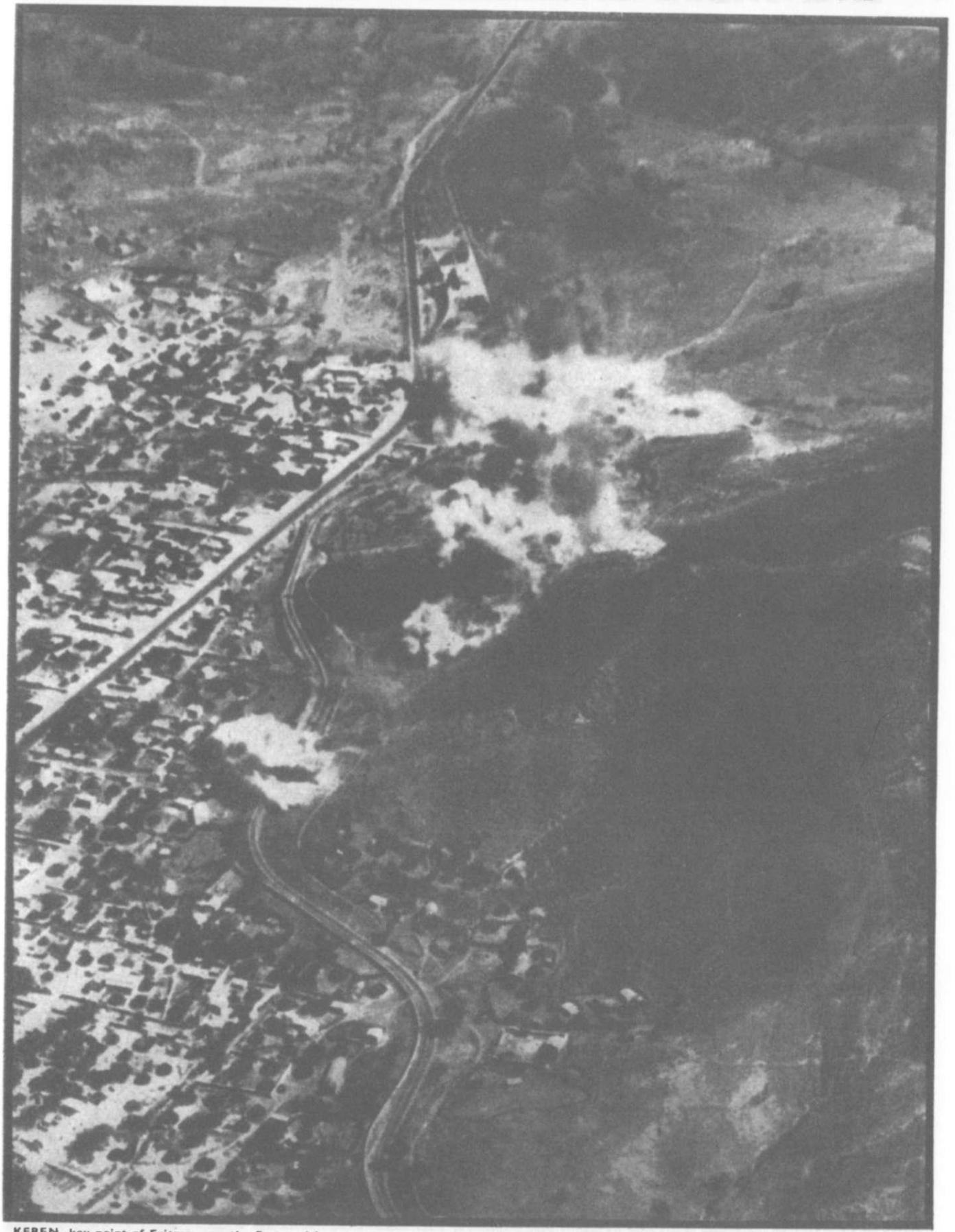
About 100 prisoners were taken, forlorn fellows enough in ragged clothing and miserably equipped. When the major in command handed over his revolver to a British officer in token of submission, he burst into tears. "I am an old soldier," was all he could say.

So Berbera was recaptured. Our casualties were stated to be negligible, while the R.A.F., whether in the air or on the ground—it was revealed that their armoured cars had played a valuable part in the capture of the town—incurred no casualties whatever.



When this photograph of Italians hoisting their flag over the Fort at Berbera in August, 1940, was published in Italy, it was said to prove that Italians were even better than Germans at blitzkrieg, as they had captured a British Colony in "the remarkably short time of 12 days." They held it for the remarkably short time of seven months. *Photo, E.N.A.*

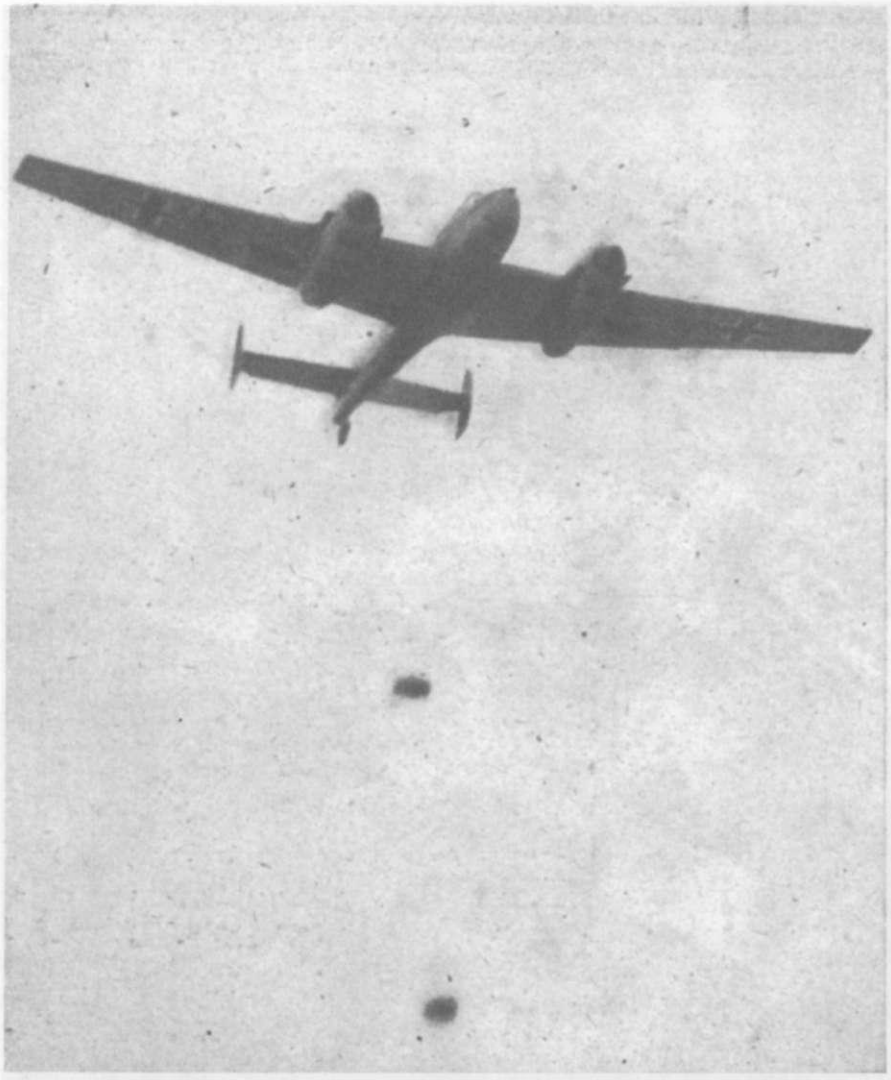
Thick Fall the Bombs on Doomed Keren



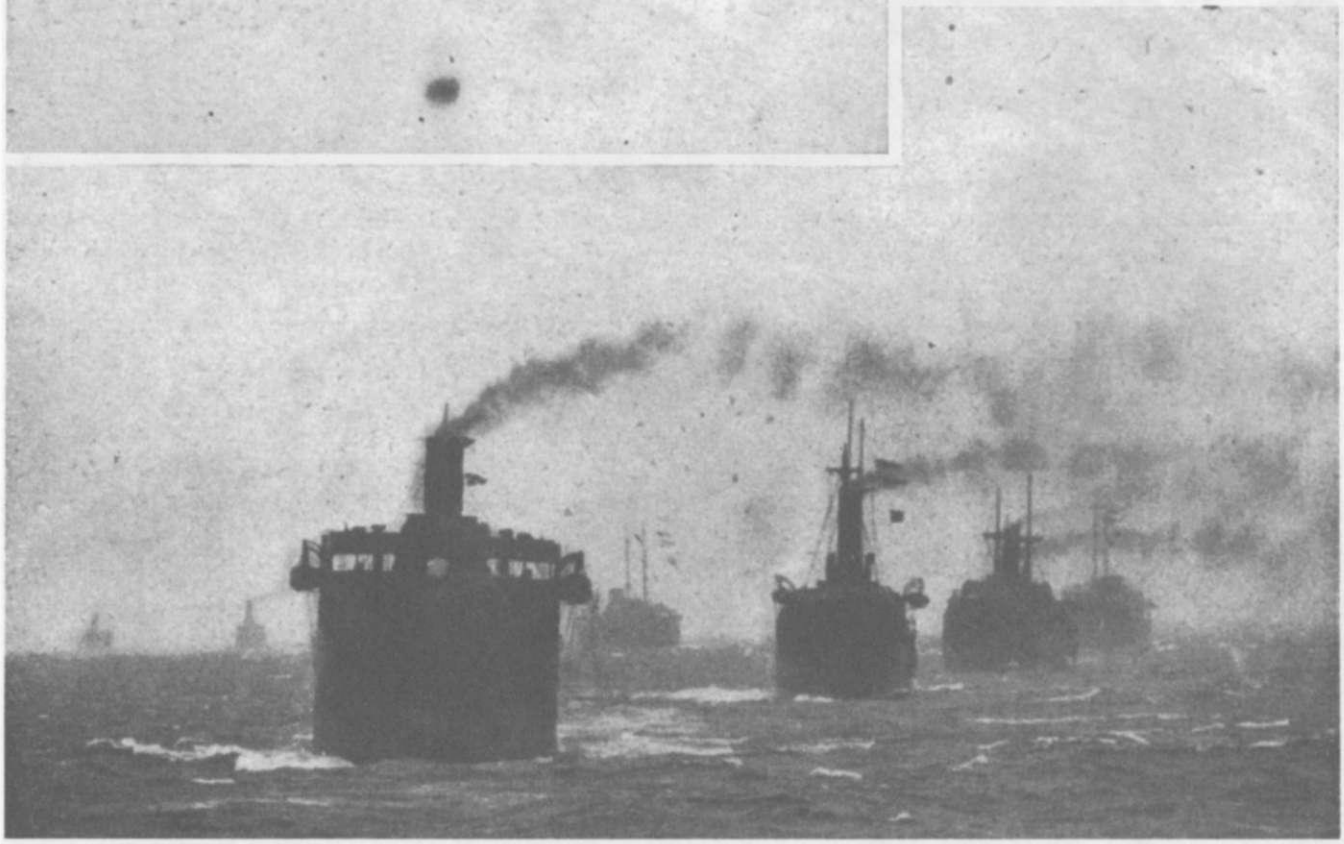
KEREN, key point of Eritrea, was the first position at which the Italians made a determined stand after General Platt's Army took Agordat on February 1, 1941. It at once became a main objective of the Royal Air Force and was bombed many times. Above is the scene during one of the aerial attacks. A stick of bombs has burst among the buildings of the town and direct hits have been secured on the Asmara-Agordat railway, the curved line in the centre.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Down Swooped the Nazi~the Convoy Sailed On



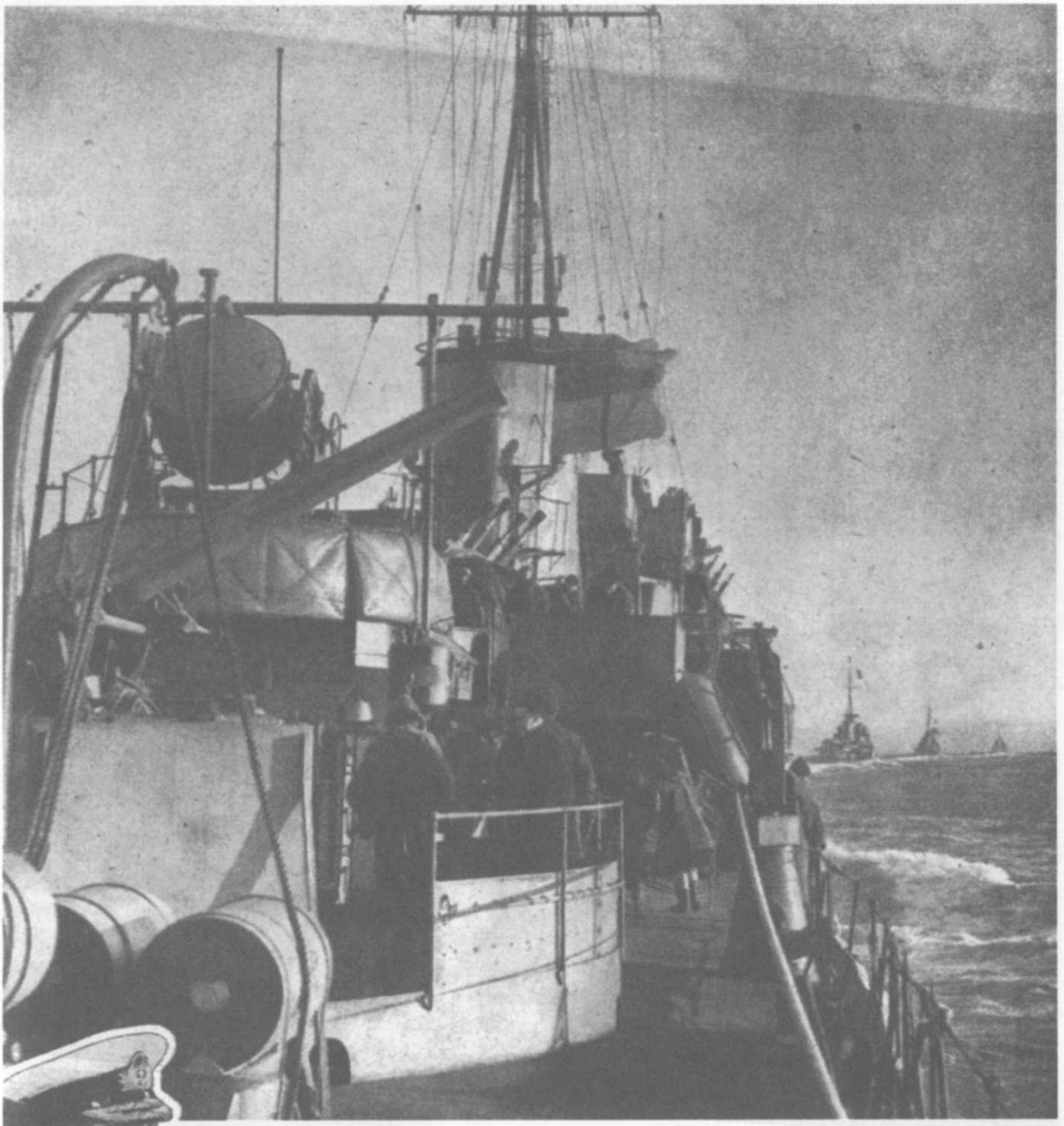
In the unique photograph left, two bombs are seen dropping from a Messerschmitt 110 which swooped down to 120 feet above the convoy. They fell in the sea, but one near miss damaged the stern of the ship above.



SHIPS IN CONVOY off the British coasts have frequently been attacked by Nazi bombers. On board one of them recently was a photographer who, though bombs were dropping and the ship was machine-gunned, still carried on. A Messerschmitt 110 made a low dive above the ship he was in, and when one of the escorting destroyers directed a hail of machine-gun fire at it the Nazi 'plane replied with bombs, as seen in the top photographs. In the lower photograph are some of the other ships of the convoy still keeping their stations with precision during the attack.

Photos, Planet News

One of the Most Momentous Battles Ever



Admiral Sir Percy Noble, left, whose appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Western Approaches was announced on March 14, 1941, is sixty-one years of age. He was in command of the China Station from 1938 to 1940. Above are destroyers in line ahead. These small ships are playing a most important part in the Battle of the Atlantic. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright; and Bassano*

"THE Battle of the Atlantic," said Mr. Churchill on March 18 in his speech at the luncheon given in London in honour of Mr. John G. Winant, the new American Ambassador, "we must regard as one of the momentous ever fought in all the annals of war. . . . It must be won beyond all doubt if the declared policies of the Government and people of the United States are not to be forcibly frustrated. Not only German U-boats, but German battle cruisers have crossed to the American side of the Atlantic and have already sunk some of our independently routed ships not sailing in convoy. They have sunk these ships as far west as the 42nd meridian.

"Over here upon the approaches to our island an intense and unrelenting struggle is being waged to bring in the endless stream of munitions and food without which our war effort cannot be maintained. Our losses have risen for the time being, and we are applying our fullest strength and resource, and all the skill and science we can command, in order to meet this potentially mortal challenge. But our strength is growing every week. The American destroyers which reached us in the autumn and winter are increasingly coming into action. Our flotillas are growing in number. Our air power over the island and over the seas is growing fast. We are striking back with increasing effect."

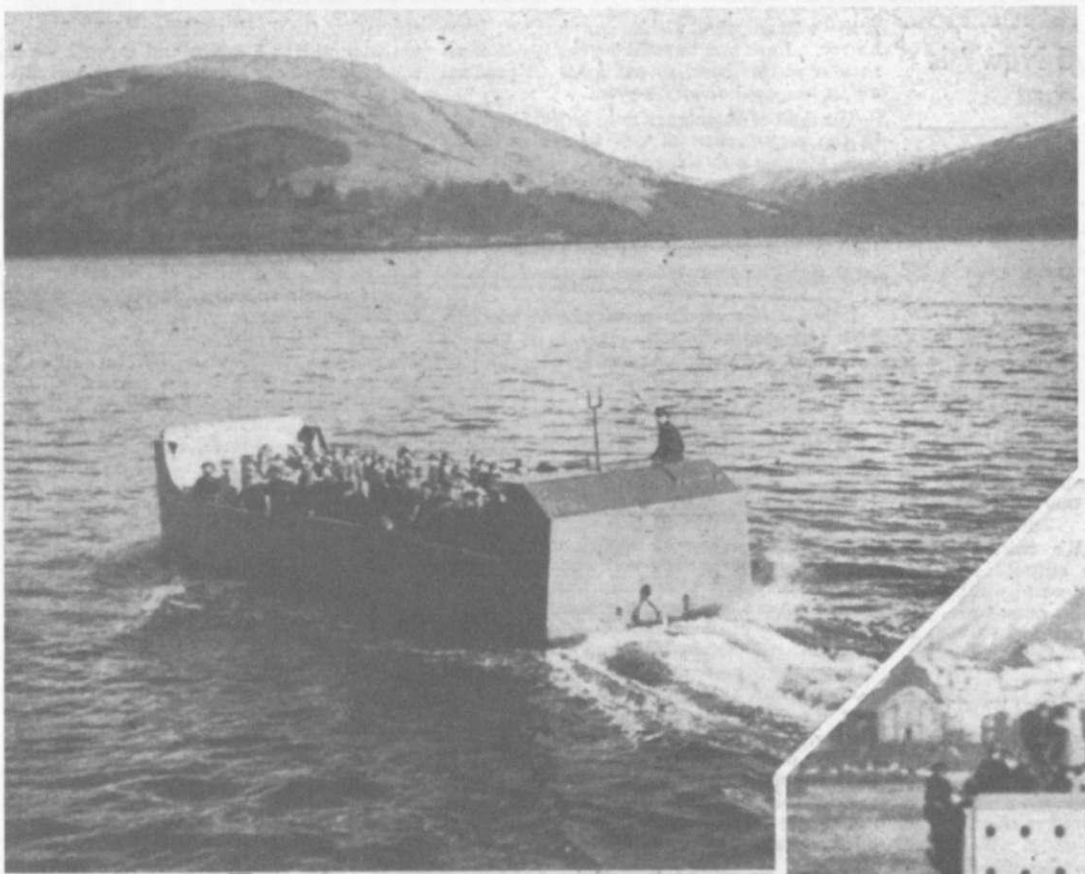
Hard by St. Paul's in the City's Storied Heart a Wilderness of Shatter

They Soon Drove the 'Enemy' Into the Sea

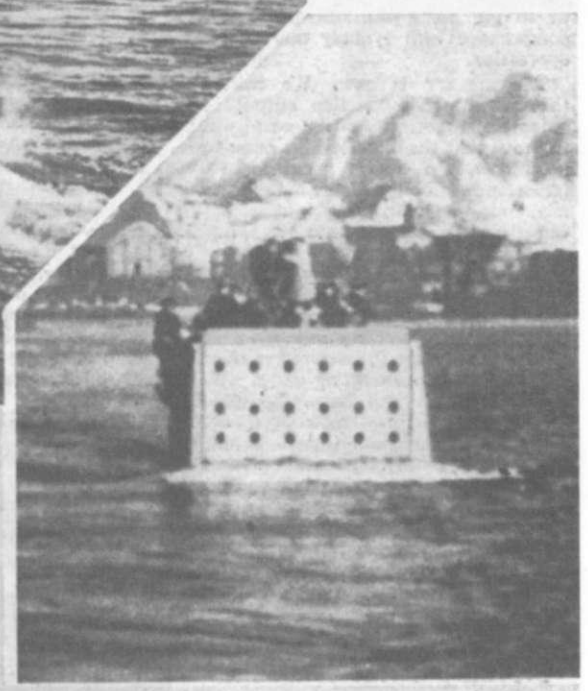
INVASION PRACTICE was carried out by troops of our Eastern and Western Commands in early spring, 1941. The results were highly satisfactory, but not to the "enemy," although the dice was loaded carefully in their favour. The photographs in this page show scenes during these realistic practices. Top, 6-in. howitzers, towed by motor-lorries, are being rushed along a country road to a point where the enemy has landed. Left centre is a small "enemy" armoured car captured by troops with Tommy guns. Two "enemy" Bren gunners, centre circle, are holding the corner of a street in a town of which parachute troops had taken possession. Left is an "enemy" armoured car brought to a standstill by barbed wire and incendiary bombs.

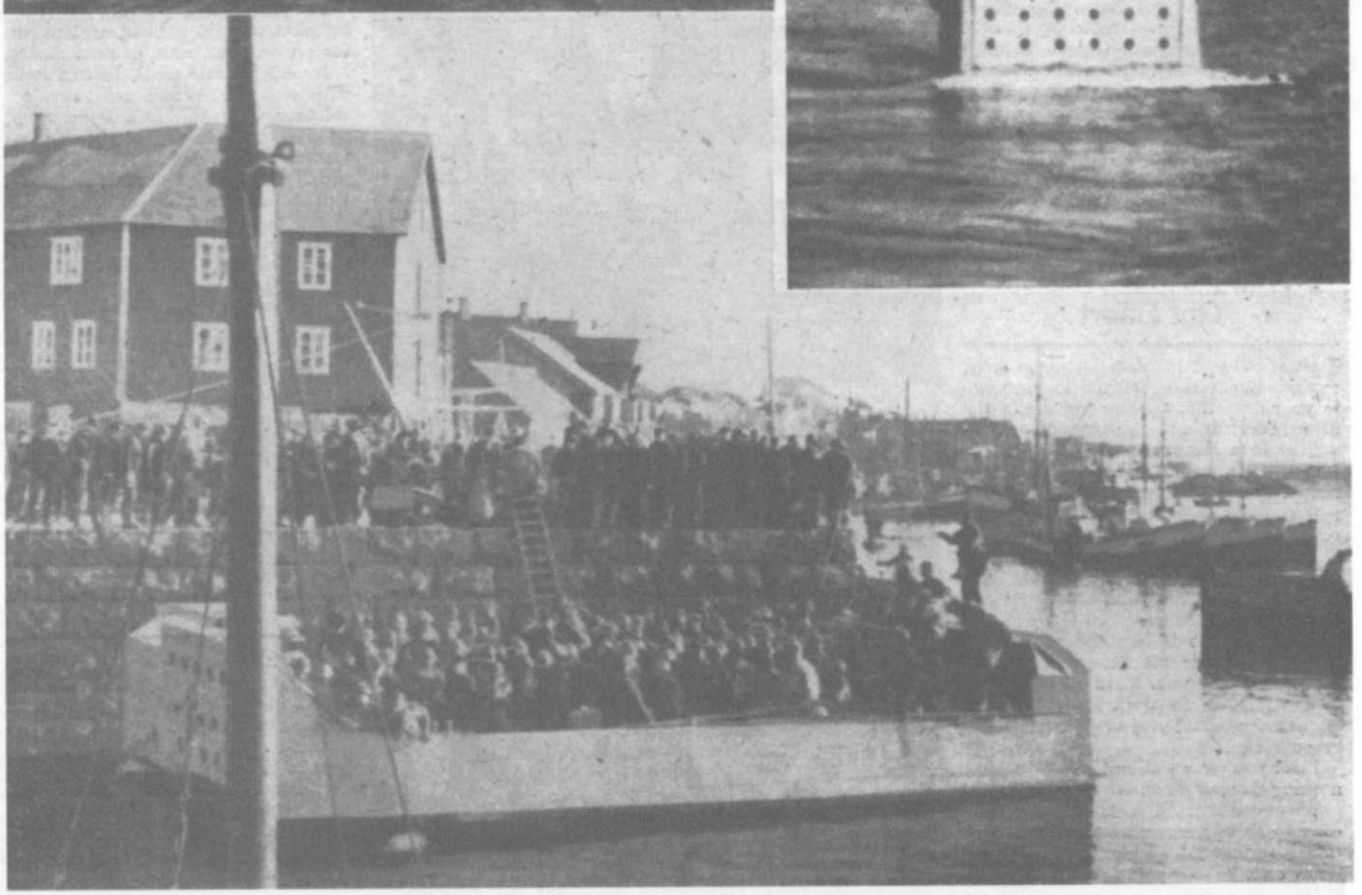
Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Britain's Invasion Barges Make Their Début



The general lines of the British invasion barges are clearly shown in the photographs left and that below. Flat-bottomed and broad in the beam they can carry, without fear of capsizing, as large a number of men as can be squeezed on board. They are power-driven with a protective shield over the steersman and engineer. The forward view in the photograph below shows the square bow which, though not conducive to speed, greatly assists speedy landing.





IN THE LOFOTEN ISLANDS RAID of March 4, 1941, invasion barges were used for the first time by the British. The ships of the Royal Navy that took part in it, though described as light forces, could not get alongside the jetty and wharves of the four fishing harbours raided, so the invasion barges were brought into use and took the troops and naval ratings ashore. Above is one of them alongside a wharf loading up for the return journey with troops and Norwegian refugees.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

AMERICA THE ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY

President Roosevelt's Declaration of Utmost Aid for Britain

'Speed, and Speed Now' is the Watchword

WE American people are just now engaged in a great debate. It was not limited to the halls of Congress. It was argued, argued in every newspaper, on every wave-length, over every cracker barrel in all the land, and it was finally settled and decided by the American people themselves.

Yes, the decisions of our democracy may be slowly arrived at; but when decision is made, it is proclaimed not with the voice of any one man but as the voice of 130,000,000. It is binding on us all and the world is no longer left in doubt.

This decision is the end of any attempt at appeasement in our land, the end of urging us to get along with dictators, the end of compromise with tyranny and the forces of oppression.

The urgency is now. We believe firmly that when our production output is in full swing the democracies of the world will be able to prove that the dictatorships cannot win, but now, now, the time element is of supreme importance. Every 'plane, every other instrument, old and new, every instrument that we can spare now, we will send overseas. That is common-sense strategy.

The great task of this day, which rests upon each and every one of us, is to move products from the assembly lines of our factories to the battle lines of democracy now.

We can have speed, we can have effectiveness, if we maintain our existing unity. We do not have, and never will have, the forced unity of a people browbeaten by threats, misled by propaganda. Ours is a unity that is possible only among free men and women who recognize the truth and face realities with intelligence and courage.

Here in Washington we are thinking in terms of speed, and speed now. I hope that that watchword "Speed, and speed now" will find its way into every home in the nation.

Nothing Short of an All-Out Effort

I MUST tell you in plain language what this undertaking means to you, you in your daily life, whether you are in the armed services, whether you are a steel-worker or a stevedore, a machinist or a housewife, a farmer or a banker, a store-keeper or a manufacturer. To all it will mean sacrifice on behalf of your country and your living.

Yes, you will feel it, the impact of this gigantic effort in your daily lives. You will feel it in a way that will cause you many inconveniences.

You will have to contend with lower profits, lower profits from business because obviously your taxes will be higher. You will have to work longer at your bench, or your stores, or your machine, or your desk.

I ask you for an all-out effort because nothing short of an all-out effort will win.

We are dedicated from here on to a constantly increasing tempo of production, a production greater than we now know or have ever known before, a production that does not stop and should not pause.

Tonight, I am appealing to the heart and to the mind of every man and every woman who, within our borders, loves liberty. I ask you to consider the needs of all nations at this hour, to put aside all personal differences until victory is won.

The light of democracy must be kept burning. In the perpetuation of this light each of us must pool his own strength.

The single effort of one individual may seem small, but there are 130,000,000 individuals over here, and there are many more millions in Britain and elsewhere bravely shielding the great flame of democracy from the black-out of barbarism.

It is not enough for us merely to trim the wick and polish the glass. We must provide the fuel in ever-increasing amounts to keep the flame alight.

Vital Bridge of Ships Across the Ocean

A FEW weeks ago I spoke of freedom—freedom of speech and expression, freedom of every sort to worship God in his own way, freedom from wrong, freedom from fear—they are the ultimate stakes. They may not be immediately attainable throughout the world, but Humanity does move towards those glorious ideals through democratic justice.

If we fail, if democracy is superseded by slavery, then those four freedoms, or even the mention of them, will become forbidden things. Centuries will pass before they can be revived.

By winning now we strengthen the meaning of those freedoms. We increase the stature of mankind. We strengthen the dignity of human life. Upon the national will to sacrifice and to work depends the outlook of our industry and our agriculture.

Upon that will depends the survival of the vital bridge across the ocean, the bridge of ships that carry the arms and the goods to those who are fighting the good fight.

Upon that will depends our ability to aid other nations which may determine to offer resistance. Upon that will may depend practical assistance to people now living in nations that have been overrun, should they find the opportunity to strike back in an effort to regain their liberty—and may that day come soon.

There is no longer the slightest question or doubt. The American people recognize the supreme seriousness of the present situation. That is why they have demanded, and got, a policy of unqualified, immediate, all-out aid for Britain—for Greece, for China, and for all Governments in exile whose homelands are temporarily occupied by the aggressors.

From now on that aid will be increased and again increased until total victory has been won.

MR. ROOSEVELT, seen above delivering his inaugural address after being sworn in for a third term as President, delivered a memorable speech on March 15, 1941, at the annual dinner of the Association of Newspaper Correspondents accredited to the White House. The salient points of his speech are given in this page. *Photo, Wide World*

Magnificent Morale of the British

THE British are stronger than ever in the magnificent morale that has enabled them to endure all the dark days and the shattering nights of the past ten months.

They have the full support of Canada, of the other Dominions, of the rest of their Empire, and the full aid and support of some non-British people throughout the world who still think in terms of the great freedoms.

The British people are braced for invasion, whether such an attempt comes tomorrow, next week, or next month.

In this historic crisis, Britain is blest with a brilliant and great leader in Winston Churchill. But, knowing him, no one knows better than Mr. Churchill himself that it is not alone his stirring words and valiant deeds that give the British their superb morale.

The essence of that morale is in the masses of British people, who are completely clear in their minds about the one central fact that they would rather die as free men than live as slaves.

These brave people—civilians as well as soldiers, sailors and airmen, women and girls as well as men and boys—they are fighting in the front line of civilization at this moment. And they are holding that line with a fortitude that is the pride and inspiration of all free men on every continent and every island of the sea.

America Will Play Its Full Part

THE British people and their Grecian allies need assistance, and that they will get. They need ships: from America they will get ships. They need 'planes: from America they will get 'planes. From America they need food: from America they will get food. They need tanks, and guns, and ammunition and supplies of all kinds; from America they will get tanks, and guns and ammunition and supplies of all kinds.

So our country is going to be what our people have proclaimed it to be, the arsenal of democracy. Our country is going to play its full part

Washington Stages a Great Military Parade

President Roosevelt took the oath of office for the third time in the Capitol, Washington, on January 20, 1941. This was followed by a military parade, which was watched by the President from a stand in front of the White House. Above, light tanks are passing along Pennsylvania Avenue with the Capitol in the distance. Over 6,000 troops with mechanized units took part in the parade, while 235 naval and military 'planes flew overhead.
Photo, Keystone

Japan Had a Part in the Thailand Drama

Many a paragraph has appeared of late concerning the territorial dispute between French Indo-China and Thailand—the dispute which has now been settled in somewhat dictatorial fashion by Japan. This article is in the nature of a summary of the course of events.

OVERSHADOWED by the great tragic drama of many scenes now being played in the Old World, a smaller one has recently been performed in the Far East—one on which the curtain is now rung down, at least for the time being. The actors were Thailand (Siam), the French colony of Indo-China, and Japan, who aspired to the position of actor-manager.

Thailand, "Land of the Free People," has an area of 200,148 square miles, about 45,000 of which are in the Malay Peninsula. The boundaries have been subjected to frequent adjustments from 1891 to 1909. Her present king, Ananda Mahidol, succeeded to the throne in 1935 as a boy of nine, following the abdication of his uncle, and during his minority the country is governed by the Council of Regency, headed by the Premier, Luang Bipul. The 286,000 square miles which make up Indo-China comprise five states: the colony of Cochin-China; the protectorates of Annam, Cambodia, Tongking and Laos; and Kwang-Chow-Wan, leased from China. The whole country is under the Governor-General, Admiral Decoux, who succeeded General Catroux in July, 1940, when the latter joined General de Gaulle.

What might be termed the Prologue was the announcement in Bangkok on September 8, 1939, that the government of Thailand had officially proclaimed that country's neutrality in the war. Act I opened with the guarantees of this neutrality by Pacts of Non-Aggression signed on June 12, 1940, in Bangkok between the Thai Government and Britain and France, and by a Treaty of Friendship, signed in Tokyo the same day, between Thailand and Japan, to be valid for five years.

Frontier 'Incidents' Point the Way

The fall of France on June 17, only five days after the signing of the Pact of Non-Aggression with Thailand, created a new state of affairs, and Thailand later refused to ratify it on the grounds that her demands for frontier rectifications had not been met by the Pétain Government. By the autumn there was considerable tension on the border. A number of "incidents" arose, and there were mutual recriminations about the violation of frontiers. Early in October Thailand's demands became more ambitious, comprising nothing less than the cession of Cambodia and Laos, which had been annexed by France early in the present century. The Vichy Government repudiated all such claims, but stated that it was ready to submit to arbitration the possible restoration to Thailand of islands in the Mekong River.

By the middle of November spasmodic fighting had broken out at Vientiane and other points on the frontier, and bitter accusations were hurled to and fro on the subject of unprovoked attacks, bombing raids, and the firing of towns and villages. By the end of the year the incidents had developed into what the Thai Command called hostilities on a grand scale, and early in January, 1941, there was fighting along the entire frontier. Thai troops penetrated into Cambodia and advanced towards Angkor. French 'planes bombed several Thai villages as a reprisal for an aerial attack on the Cambodian town of Sisophon. On January 17 the Navy joined in the fray, and a battle was fought between a French force, consisting of a cruiser and four sloops, and a Thai squadron of two coast-defence cruisers and three torpedo-boats, with the result that the French ships sank two of the torpedo-boats and damaged the third without loss to themselves.

Above are shown the frontier rectifications demanded by Thailand with the support of Japan. Saigon, the capital of Cochin China, is the chief French military and naval base in the Far East. *Courtesy of "The Times"*

Shortly after this engagement Japan made her entrance upon the stage, offering her services as a mediator. The offer was accepted by both parties. Hostilities ceased on January 28, and an Armistice Commission consisting of seven Japanese, five French and five Thai representatives, under the presidency of Maj.-Gen. Sumita, boarded a Japanese warship and started negotiations. The Armistice was signed on January 31.

Admiral Decoux, Governor-General of French Indo-China, centre, is seen receiving the Japanese Vice War Minister, left, when the latter visited Cochin China early in 1941 to confer with the government of the Colony. *Photo, Wide World*

Although Europe may have felt that these events were of slight moment compared with her own pressing problems, Singapore watched them with profound interest. It was thought by many observers that Japan's offer of mediation was just another step in the Axis scheme for a "new order"; that by intervening in the affairs of Thailand and Indo-China she could establish herself in so strong a position in the two countries that the southward advance for which she is working would be definitely promoted. It was unlikely that Japan would undertake the task of arbitration merely for the sake of restoring peace and heightening her own prestige. Most certainly she would require good remuneration, and it was conjectured that this might take the form of naval and air bases in Indo-China or Thailand.

Peace Conference in Tokyo

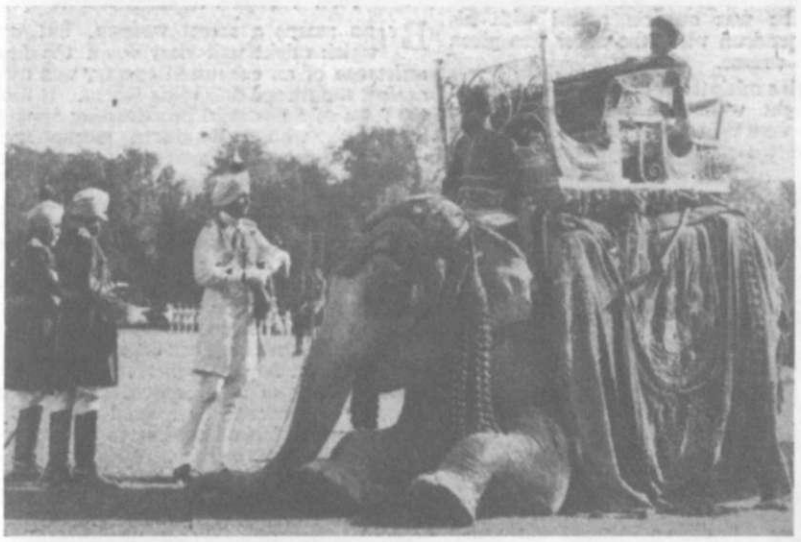
The peace conference between Indo-China and Thailand was opened at Tokyo on February 7 by Mr. Matsuoka, Japanese Foreign Minister, who began by declaring that the "Greater East Asia" policy of his country, which he passionately reaffirmed, was a historical necessity. The leader of the Thai delegates politely interpreted this policy as "Prosperity for each; stability for all." M. Arsène Henry, French Ambassador in Tokyo and head of the French delegation, merely expressed, with the realism of his race, a desire for a speedy and equitable solution to their differences. That Singapore was aware of what lay behind Japan's seeming disinterestedness was apparent from the strengthening of the garrison (see p. 236).

Soon the peace conference at Tokyo had reached deadlock. It was reported from Singapore that the French were resisting the Thai demands, and that Thailand was firmly refusing all concessions to Japan or "anything inconsistent with strict neutrality." On February 27 it was stated that Thailand's territorial claims had been cut by 60 per cent, but that France was still demanding a further reduction. Thereupon, there began a campaign of vilification in the Japanese newspapers, and the Vichy Government was warned that Japan would stand no interference from a "Third Power"—an obvious reference to Great Britain.

At the end of February there were signs that Japan and Thailand might take action against Indo-China if France did not send an immediate acceptance. On March 2 Vichy yielded to the latest plan, subject to certain conditions, involving some complicated details. Finally, on March 11, 1941, the French and Thai plenipotentiaries signed a draft agreement, the terms of which are to be embodied later in a formal treaty. About 25,000 square miles have been ceded to Thailand.

Thailand is now placed under a considerable obligation to the mediator, and although her Premier, Luang Bipul, has professed his faith in "a just and friendly" attitude to Japan, it remains to be seen in what way Toyko will collect repayment of the debt—and so round off this little drama with an epilogue.

Splendid Already, India's Effort Grows Apace



H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF PATIALA is seen above at a parade ceremonial, invoking a blessing on members of the Yadavindra Infantry of Patiala State before they proceeded overseas on active service.

A St. John Ambulance Nursing Division war work party busily engaged in making hospital supplies at a Red Cross centre in Lahore.

INDIAN TROOPS IN BRITAIN are shown in these three photographs. Left, men of the R.I.A.S.C., with sabres at the salute, who were among the troops evacuated from Dunkirk. Above, the Duke of Devonshire reviewing Indian naval ratings in Scotland. Below, Mr. L. S. Amery, Secretary of State for India, inspects Indian troops at Aldershot.

MR. L. S. AMERY, Secretary of State for India, broadcast, on February 24, 1941, an account of the part India is playing in the war. Referring to the military strength of India, he told how the Indian Army is expanding rapidly from its peacetime strength of 160,000 Indian and 50,000 British troops to a force of some half a million men of all arms, trained, equipped and mechanized on a modern scale. That, he pointed out, is exclusive of the troops already serving abroad, and was only a first instalment.

The Indian Air Force, also, is being expanded as fast as it can obtain machines, while the Royal Indian Navy has been more than trebled since the outbreak of war and is worthily playing its part in the defence of India's coasts and the task of escorting convoys. India's 40,000 merchant mariners are also giving faithful and efficient service. In the matter of supply and equipment India is far more advanced than she was in 1914. She makes her own rifles, machine-guns, field artillery and ammunition, as well as something like 90 per cent of all the miscellaneous equipment she requires.

INDIA lies centrally between the two gateways into the Indian Ocean—the one the Suez Canal and Red Sea, the gateway from Europe and the West, and the other the narrow strait dominated by Singapore, the gateway from the Far East—and is thus (Mr. Amery went on) able to send to either point reinforcements, whether of troops or aeroplanes, of munitions or supplies, in far less time and with far less danger of enemy interference than they could be sent from England.

Photos, Fox, Topical, G.P.U., and Sport & General

OUR SEARCHLIGHT ON THE WAR

Protecting Horses from Gas

RESPIRATORS for horses were recently demonstrated at the Royal Veterinary College in London to a number of owners. Three horses were chosen to act as mannequins and submitted with dignity and good humour when the masks were put into position. Three types were shown. Two

GAS MASKS FOR HORSES are now provided to protect their wearers against the dangers of possible gas attack. This pony is wearing a charcoal-box type of mask and transparent eye-shields. The lower jaw is left free, for a horse breathes only through the nostrils. *Photo, G.P.U.*

are composed of layer upon layer of impregnated cotton towelling enclosed in a container rather like a milliner's hat-box. The third, the charcoal-box type, resembles to some extent the human respirator and, because it is stronger and will last longer, is the pattern most likely to be used in the Army. Either type allows the horse, who may consider it a new sort of nosebag, to do light work for a time. Devices for protecting the animal from mustard gas were also demonstrated. These consist of transparent eye shields and a species of suit of white material which can be fitted very quickly by a soldier to his mount.

'Make and Mend' in the Army

MAJOR-GENERAL J. BUCKLEY, Controller-General of Economy, who a month ago took over the job of stopping waste in the Army, thinks that the public outcry was not justified, and that stories of over-lavish supplies ending up in the waste bins were grossly exaggerated. "I have been amazed," he said, "to find how little food is wasted, especially in the fighting formations. Such waste as occurs is usually of unpalatable rations. Drastic steps are now being taken to stop waste of every kind." One way of promoting economy which is to be put into practice is to teach the men to darn their socks and mend their own clothes. This had already been introduced into some units by their C.Os. Senior officers, in overalls, are attending classes where they are taught to repair machines. Other matters receiving attention are transport problems, oil reclamation and hutting schemes.

First 'Kill' Through a Mistake

ONE of the Free French pilots fighting for Britain and the common cause is a young Frenchman whose instant understanding of the English tongue at one time lagged behind his flying skill. On a certain morning he was out on patrol with his Spitfire squadron when the order was given to change course.

Through a misinterpretation the Frenchman turned right while the remainder of the squadron went off to the left. By the time he discovered his mistake they were separated by a mile or two. As he was about to set off in pursuit an enemy aircraft came into view. Here was an amazing opportunity, and the young pilot promptly seized it. Flying as close as he dared he gave the enemy machine several bursts from his eight machine-guns and with such good effect that it burst into flames as it went down. Since this first-chance kill the Frenchman has disabled, if not destroyed, two other Nazi aircraft — and has also brushed up his English.

Luxury Shelter

LORD HORDER would surely approve of the underground communal shelter beneath a big transport garage in Westminster which is now nearly completed. It will provide unexampled comfort and safety for the 800 people who take refuge there every night. Its first aid post is probably the largest in London, for it has 40 casualty beds. Near it is an airy bay reserved for shelterers who suffer from asthma or who have weak hearts. One part of the shelter is divided up into "houses" by brick partitions about 10 feet high. Here are the offices of the shelter marshal and of the doctor, the restaurant, the nursery, the hospital, and other centres. The "sleeping houses" are designed for married couples, children, single men, and single women. Finally there is "Victoria Hall," a room 70 feet by 50 feet, devoted to recreation.

Thanks for the Tanks

PAYING a high tribute to the soundness of British workmanship, General Wavell said recently that "weight for class, Italian tanks, many of them newly delivered from manufacturers, proved no match for British products." This verdict was endorsed when two officers of the Royal Armoured Corps visited a munitions factory somewhere in England to thank the shop workers on behalf of the African armies. After describing a tank battle near Benghazi, in which the British force of tanks, seriously outnumbered by the Italian force of seventy, presently reduced these to thirty, one of the officers added; "We couldn't have done it if you fellows who had been making the tanks and the armour had not been doing your jobs damned well."

New Weapon Against Keren

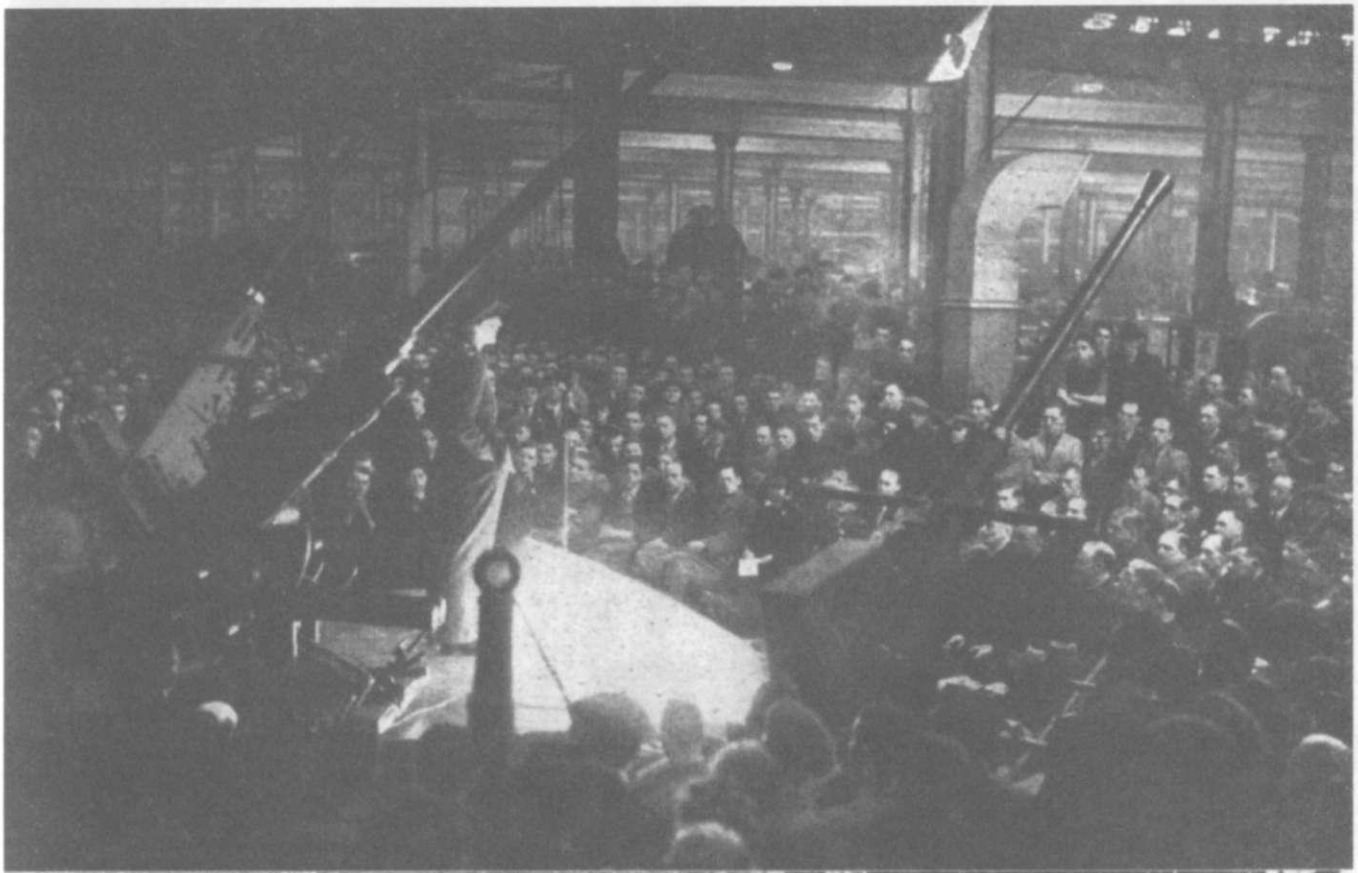
BY no means a secret weapon, but one which might well wear down the final resistance of an exhausted enemy, was used against the troops defending Keren. It took the form of a powerful broadcasting apparatus, fitted with half-a-dozen megaphones, which was installed at the foot of this natural fortress. Day and night the megaphones bombarded the helpless garrison, sending up to the mountains a barrage of propaganda in two tongues: Italian, and Amharic for the colonial troops. All emerged from a comprehensive collection of gramophone records made specially for the occasion. There were speeches of remonstrance in Italian, arguments on the futility of resistance based upon recent events in East Africa—which may have been news to most of the garrison. There were speeches in Amharic by trained Abyssinian orators, which lacked nothing in drama, and proclamations by the Emperor Haile Selassie. And there were sentimental songs and excerpts from the Italian operas skilfully chosen to rouse acute home-sickness in the white troops. Interspersed with or overlying these appeals would come the additional persuasion of bursts of artillery bombardment.

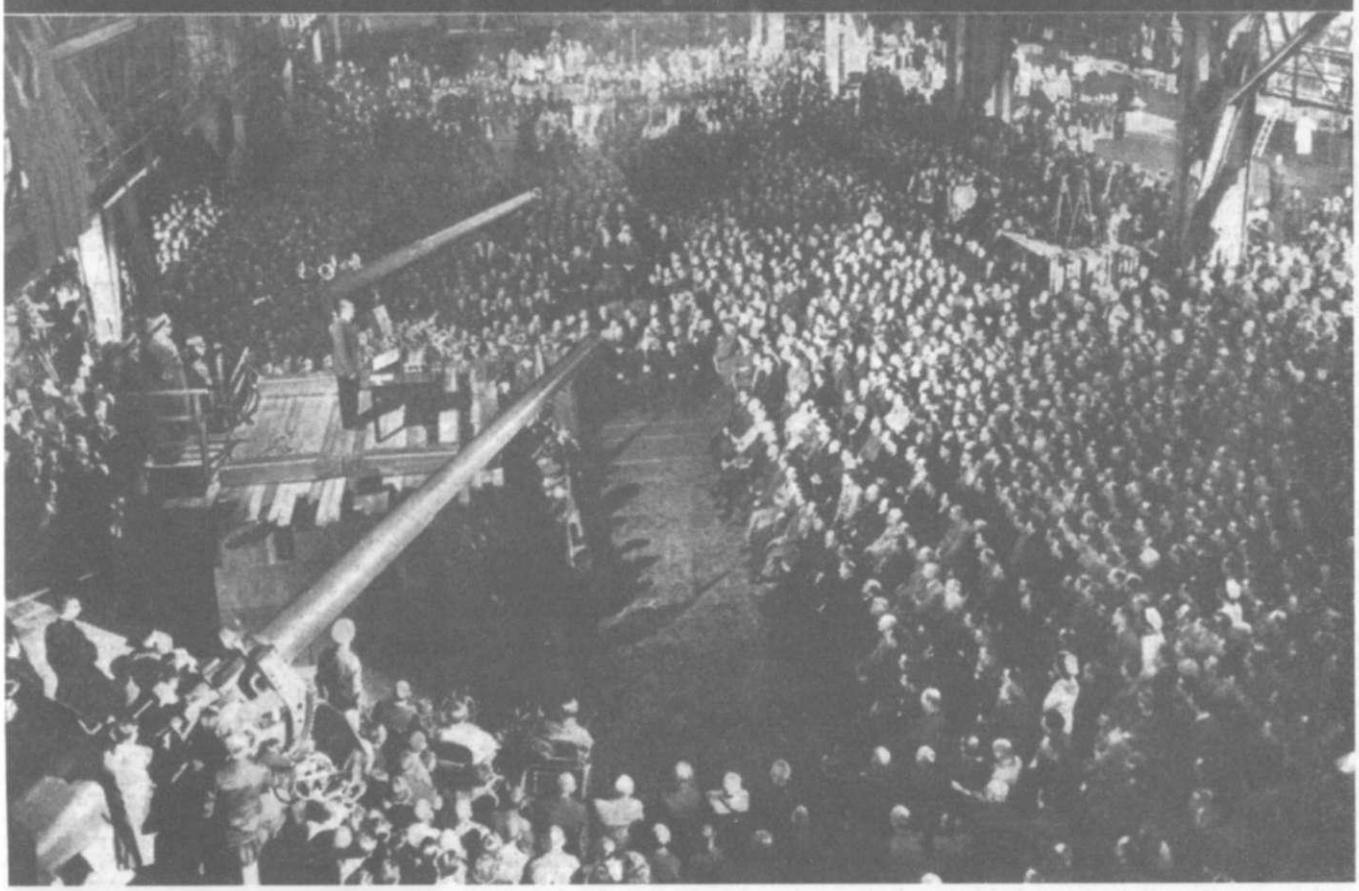
Ambassador to Four Nations

ANOTHER United States Embassy has been set up in London, and here Mr. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, who arrived at Bristol airport on March 14, has taken up his appointment as envoy to the four exiled Governments of Poland, Belgium, Holland, and Norway. Mr. Biddle will meet many friends among the Polish colony, for he was formerly U.S. Ambassador to Warsaw, and it was he who first told the world of the German invasion of Poland. On the morning of September 1, 1939, he sent the news to Mr. Bullitt, U.S. Ambassador in Paris, and the latter at once informed the news agencies. With his staff Mr. Biddle made a perilous journey to Rumania, his car being attacked by German bombers fifteen times on the way. With him in his recent flight across the Atlantic by Clipper was Mr. Averell Harriman, President Roosevelt's special envoy, who has come to England to expedite the delivery of all types of war material.

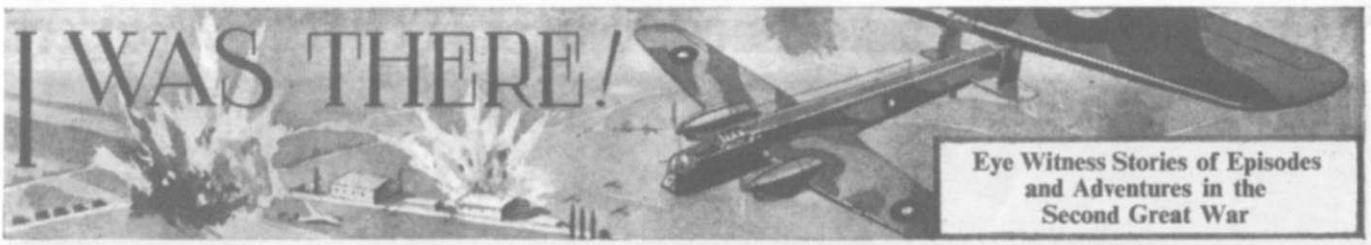
CIVILIAN HELMETS, intended particularly for fire fighters, have caused the Ministry of Supply factories to work at full speed. The new helmet is supplied free to street fire parties working in the fire prevention areas, and is sold for 5s. 6d. to employers. A man is seen at work on one of the 250-ton presses which mould the steel sheets into shape. *Photo, Sport & General*

'One of Ours' and Their No. 1 Tell the Workers





MUNITION WORKERS, both British and German, are being urged to " go to it," and these two photographs, alike in setting but widely differing in the spirit they display, show how it is done. In the top photograph an anti-aircraft gunnery officer is addressing the workers of a factory under the control of the Ministry of Supply. Speaking on March 11, 1941, he praised their efforts unstintedly and revealed that his battery had shot down 22 'planes, four of them in one day, with guns made in the factory. Near the platform are three Bofors A.A. guns. Great cheers greeted his speech. Just three months before, on December 11, 1940, Hitler addressed 10,000 workpeople in the Borsig works in the northern suburbs of Berlin, above. His speech was merely the usual tirade against Britain. *Photos, Sport & General, E.N.A.*



I Had Breakfast with Our Night Fighters

That the night fighters of the R.A.F. are getting the measure of the enemy is being made clear as their "bag" of 'planes grows. Thus on the night of March 12 they brought down five Nazis, and on the next night eight. Here we read of a visit to the crew hut of a Night Fighter Squadron somewhere in the south of England.

VISUALIZE a metal hut rather like an outsize Anderson shelter. Add a few beds, a pile of flying clothes and parachutes, and a coke stove boiling water for cocoa. We sat with our feet up. Outside the wind whistled round the hut and the rain beat down. "Cloud down to 2,000 feet, sir," reported the telephonist to the Squadron Commander. "Foul night for flying," put in a young man with an observer's wing on his tunic.

A fat spaniel puppy waddled from beneath a chair—pawed at the Wing Commander's foot, looking up with appealing eyes. The spaniel won his point and the next moment his head disappeared inside a large mug of cocoa.

Two of the pilots had on their flying jackets. Their names were on the duty board, but in such weather the Huns were unlikely to venture out. So we yarned and waited and listened. What we listened for was word of two crews out somewhere over England, the Channel or Occupied France. There was a gale warning on and no news of them yet. We, safe and comfortable down below, put more coke on the fire.

"The navigators will be having a tough time . . ." A sergeant pilot from the corner had started to speak, but he stopped abruptly when a pilot officer with earphones on his head put up his hand for silence. "So and so reported over —— 15 minutes ago. Should have landed by now. Wonder what's keeping him?" No one answered the question. No one, in fact, appeared to take the slightest interest in it. We were all pretending not to be concerned. The spaniel pup, full of cocoa, slept on.

Then, above the noise of the wind, came the roar of aeroplane engines and at once there was a change in the atmosphere of the hut, a hint of relief in the air. "Landing lights on," called the telephonist. The aircraft roared overhead once more as it circled to land.

In a few minutes three young men, looking like returned Arctic explorers, came stumping into the room. Their flying boots were caked with wet mud. As they took off their helmets the air gunner exclaimed "Warm as anything upstairs. Down at 6,000 feet I was as hot as could be." Questioning brought out the fact that the actual temperature "upstairs" was 4 degrees below zero—36 degrees of frost. But to those night fighter boys that was a warm night.

We sat back waiting for their story. "It was a vile trip," said the pilot. "We went cruising round and round for what seemed hours and did not see a single Hun. Finally we went over to look for him above his own aerodromes. But he was having a night off. There wasn't a flare path or a light anywhere. We found three of his aerodromes, but they weren't worth wasting a bomb on. It looked as though they had all gone home to Germany for the night."

"The other machine's been reported. Will be here any minute," said the telephonist. A lull in the conversation, and in came the second machine.

"Hard luck," said the Squadron Commander, as the crew came in to tell almost the same story as the first lot. "It was a filthy night any way. That's why I sent out the recall."

"I'm darned annoyed about it," said the pilot. "Not one Hun would show his nose. We saw a beacon light once as we went over to take a look at the aerodromes in France."

"We saw—— Aerodrome clearly enough," said the observer.

"We certainly did," laughed the pilot. "We came down to 800 feet and dropped a stick of bombs right along the runway. I bet that shook them a bit—if there was anybody there."

By now the cocoa was ready again, and the Intelligence Officer was wanting to go on with his reports. "Any ack-ack?" he asked. "Any searchlights? What was your course? and your height? What lights did you see?"

It was the catechism familiar to every pilot, but tonight it produced little result. Six men and two aircraft had flown over parts of England, over the Channel and over Nazi-occupied territory without having so much as a searchlight on their tail.

But after a night of patrolling, even dull, monotonous patrolling, there is always food in the mess. We all climbed into the squadron brake and drove to the mess to eat bacon, eggs and fried bread. They followed it up with cold beef and pickles—at four a.m.!

This group of night fighter pilots wearing their full equipment are walking on to the landing-ground on their way to take-off when night raiders are about.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

We Kept Our Balloon Up in the Channel

Through rain, snow, ice and fog, through fierce gales and tempestuous winds, the R.A.F. crews of balloon barrage vessels help to escort our Channel convoys safely to port. Something of what their job means may be gathered from this first-hand account.

JUST towing a balloon at the end of a length of cable . . . surely a dull, monotonous sort of job. But that there is adventure enough on the Channel convoys is shown by the log of an R.A.F. officer on a balloon barrage vessel—one which has now accompanied and guarded many convoys up and down the Channel. Here, to start with, are some extracts in his own words telling of attacks by motor torpedo boats and dive-bombers.

0950 hours. Mine sighted on port bow necessitating sudden change of course. This was followed by sighting other mines on the starboard bow until eventually we zigzagged through 23 of them. Obviously they had broken loose during the storm.

1105 hours. An Me. 109 made two machine-gun attacks on "——." Shooting bad and no hits. "——" attacked by four dive-bombers. Bombs could be seen hitting the sea beside the ship.

1856 hours. Vivid flashes from French coast.

2143 hours. Enormous flash from French coast followed some eighty seconds later by the sound of heavy explosion.

2224 hours. A.A. fire from French coast. Throughout the night there was a series of flashes and occasional A.A. fire from both coasts.

Thursday. 0220 hours. This has been written subsequently as things moved too fast to record them at the time. I came below to call my relief, and as I came on deck again I was told that a motor-boat had been heard on our port bow and had disappeared. About five minutes later there was an explosion astern followed immediately by another.

Immediately the place seemed to become like a Brock's firework display. Everybody who had anything seemed to let it off. Tracers showing up scarlet in the night were returned by bullets which appeared green in colour. We kept dead quiet. The trouble was about, or appeared to be about, a quarter of a mile astern and we were in a position that we could do nothing effective if we did open fire.

What actually happened we shall not know till we reach port, but the Motor Torpedo Boat brigade were putting up flares all over the place. Presently we heard a "phew"—almost next door it seemed, but whatever it was it did not find its mark. After what seemed hours, but was only a few minutes, it seemed that the firework party was falling astern. Personally I heaved a sigh of relief. By the gun flashes and rattle of machine-guns I knew our escort was doing its stuff. But suddenly right on our starboard beam two high flares shot up and came sailing down lighting "——" and ourselves as clear as day. There followed what we all expected . . . a sickening thud. We thought the "——" had got it. Then there was another lull followed by the usual cries of "There she is" as machine-guns opened up again and flares showed us up.

I WAS THERE!

Suffice it to say that I think all of us were glad when dawn broke and we could see "where the next one was coming from." One must feel sorry, I think, for anyone who is powerless to help either himself or others, and while the merchantman is worse off, as he is bound to be the first target, my immediate thoughts could only be for our lads.

Our R.A.F. crew, needless to say, are splendid. With all the excitement last night when I went aft, I hardly expected to find anyone at the winch. But there he was—our man who shall be nameless.

1155 hours. This looks bad. About thirty Junker 87s with an escort of Messerschmitt 109s arrived over the convoy. The procedure is simple. The fighters try to put the balloons down in flames and, like one platoon following another on the parade-ground, the dive-bombers follow. Whether they saw something we didn't, I don't know, but the bombers suddenly veered away and that was that. But not before our fighters had got a couple of Junkers and possibly a third.

1845 hours. Alongside quay. Tied up.

Here is another typical entry :

1834 hours. Shelling starts from the French coast. Shelling lasted for approximately three and a half hours, during which upwards of 200 shells were counted. Shells covered the whole convoy ; near misses observed.

1926 hours. Tremendous orange flashes seen over the English coast. This may have been the English long-range guns firing.

1933 hours. Three shells fall well astern. Many sparks observed.

2150 hours. Shelling now much more desultory. Shells falling far astern.

2254 hours. Passed Dungeness . . . the convoy, shelled continuously, had once more successfully run the gauntlet. The ships were safe and the balloons still flew.

Balloon boat crews are in the unusual position of being by turn actors and audience. When the R.A.F. bombers go out to blast the invasion ports, the balloon men have almost a grandstand view. One night at 10:30, when the sky overhead was a blaze of stars, the balloon ships were coming up Channel to an accompaniment of the drone of aero engines as our bombers flew out to the invasion ports. "Many searchlights," says the log entry. "Bomb explosions are continual on the French coast and the flashes can clearly be seen—both of bombs and anti-aircraft shell fire—stretching right along the coast."

BALLOON BARRAGES are one of the means of protecting convoys from low-diving aeroplanes. This photograph, taken from an R.A.F. patrol boat—note the Lewis gun pointed in readiness at the sky—shows a balloon ascending from one of the ships of a convoy. When enemy 'planes are about they are flown at a much greater altitude.

Photo, Fox

The wireless operator whose experiences are described in this page occupied such cramped quarters as those above. The photograph was taken in a Vickers Wellesley bomber.

Photo, Planet News

Our Wireless Operator Read a Thriller

A night bombing raid over Germany would appear to the layman to be a sufficiently exciting, not to say hair-raising, experience. But, as the following story by a bomber pilot shows, familiarity breeds—not perhaps contempt, but at least remarkable indifference to danger and discomfort.

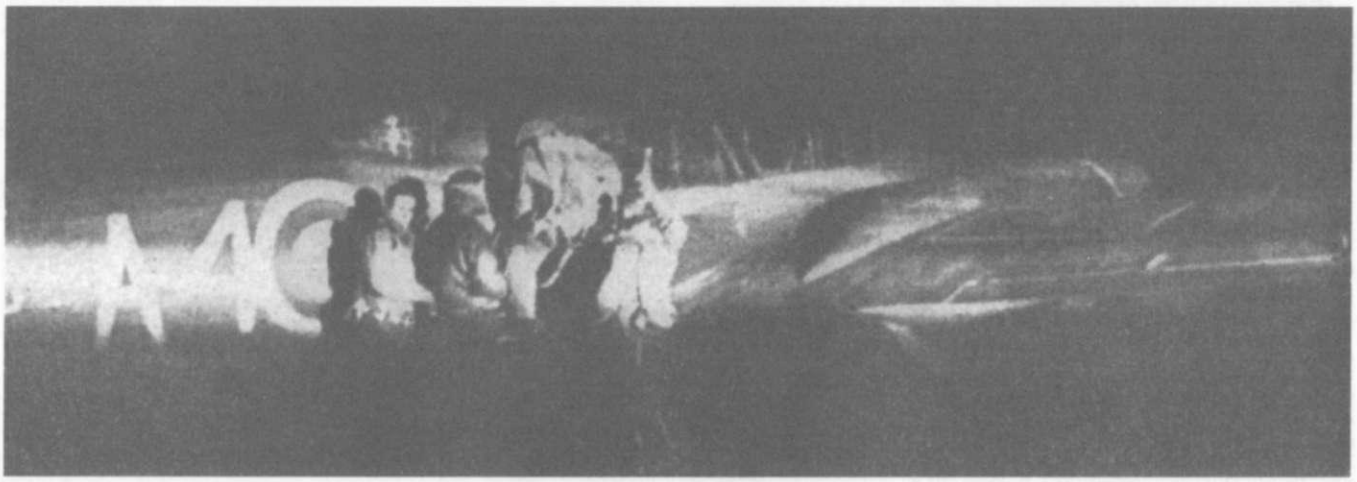
It has often struck me as an odd fact that the farther one goes into the air the more one has to be shut in ; it is almost as bad as going into the depths of the sea, and anyone who suffers from claustrophobia would be as uncomfortable in a heavy bomber as in a submarine. In fact, when you get into the bomber it is rather like going down into the Tube, except that there is far less room ; you can travel all over Europe in a bomber and see very little except your own immediate and very cramped surroundings.

Naturally, it is exciting enough when we are actually doing the bombing and most of us get the chance to see what we have done to the target, but there are long hours when we are just travelling, and that is all.

I remember one night when I myself thought there was almost too much excitement ; over the target the anti-aircraft fire was very fierce, and we had to go to and fro over the oil plant we were attacking, dropping flares at each end of the factory and finally getting the bombs down in between the flares. The anti-aircraft shells were coming very close, and I was not particularly sorry when we had finished the job, watched a good fire burning down below, and turned for home.

Even then our troubles were by no means over, for on the way back ice began to form in the airscrew, and though we went up and

I WAS THERE!



When night bombers take off from aerodromes "somewhere in England" to smash the invasion ports and Hitler's munitions factories, the scene is an eerie one. For a short time the aerodrome is not blacked out and bright beams of light are thrown on the bombers while the pilots and crews take their places. Then when they have whirled away into the night the lights go out. *Photo, Planet News*

down to get out of the layer of cold and moisture which is always apt to produce ice, it was not at all easy to find better weather.

The ice was driving back off the airscrew and hitting the fuselage; some of the largest pieces of ice were making holes in it and letting in the cold. The holes were not very large, but the pieces of ice were driving so hard against us that, when this began, I wondered for a moment if it were shrapnel that was hitting us.

I realized almost at once that it was only ice because, of course, I could not hear the bursts of the anti-aircraft shells, as you always can when they come very close. The shells make, by the way, an extremely queer sound, not very loud against the roar of the engines, but exactly like the barking of a dog which is beginning to get suspicious about you. I remember that when I first heard the sound I could hardly believe my ears; it seemed such an unlikely thing to hear right up among the clouds.

The ice was doing no great harm, but it certainly let in a good deal of cold air; as second pilot there was not much for me to do at this particular moment, so I thought I would pay a visit to the wireless operator, partly to see if a little exercise would warm me up and partly because I wondered how he was getting on.

I crept along to him, expecting to find him ready for a mild grumble about the cold, but he was sitting there with his eyes on a book and paying no attention at all to the ice that was cutting up the fuselage or the cold air coming in; he was reading a Wild West thriller—something about the girl of the something ranch—as though his life depended on it!

He seemed quite disappointed to be dragged back from the adventures of cowboys in Dead Man's Gulch, the cattle rustlers, the six-shooters, and the innocent heroine, to the dull and prosaic reality of a trip over Germany at one o'clock in the morning and the monotony of anti-aircraft fire, electric storms, or ice coming off the airscrew.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

SUNDAY, MARCH 16, 1941 *561st day*

On the Sea.—Submarine Snapper overdue and considered lost.

War against Italy.—Berbera recaptured by British. Important heights above Keren taken.

R.A.F. bombed aerodromes at Castel Benito and Makina during night of 15-16.

Home Front.—Heavy night raid on Bristol. Fully loaded Junkers crashed in south of England.

Greek War.—Italian offensive in central sector, begun March 9, crushed. R.A.F. dropped 10 tons of bombs on Tirana. Valona also raided.

Enemy 'planes again bombed Larissa.

General.—Mr. Bevin announced new national registration for industry of men and women of certain ages.

MONDAY, MARCH 17 *562nd day*

In the Air.—R.A.F. made night attacks on Bremen, Wilhelmshaven, Rotterdam, Emden and Oldenburg.

Three enemy aircraft destroyed in night combat by our bombers.

War against Italy.—Jijiga (Abyssinia) occupied. Enemy counter-attacked without avail against recently captured positions in Eritrea.

R.A.F. made heavy night attack on Tripoli. Fleet Air Arm attacked shipping at Valona and Durazzo.

Home Front.—Slight activity over East Coast, but no bombs. Raider shot down over Clydeside.

Greek War.—Italians attacked in northern sector, but were repulsed. Heavy fighting reported north of Ostravitza and round Tepelini.

TUESDAY, MARCH 18 *563rd day*

On the Sea.—Mr. Churchill announced destruction of three German submarines.

In the Air.—Coastal Command aircraft sank Nazi supply ship off Frisian Islands. Enemy shipping off Dutch coast bombed.

Heavy night raid on Kiel. Other targets were at Wilhelmshaven, Rotterdam, Emden, Texel and two Dutch aerodromes.

War against Italy.—Further important positions south of Keren captured. Pressure by Patriot forces developing against Debra Marcos.

Home Front.—Two enemy aircraft shot down over sea. Large-scale night attack on Hull.

Greek War.—Further minor attacks in northern and central sectors repulsed.

R.A.F. bombed docks at Durazzo and motor transport and camps on road between Buzi and Glave.

Balkans.—Mr. Eden and M. Sarajoglu, Turkish Premier, conferred in Cyprus.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19 *564th day*

In the Air.—Fierce night attack on Cologne. Oil storage tanks at Rotterdam and three Dutch aerodromes bombed. Lorient submarine base raided.

War against Italy.—British steadily advancing on Keren (Eritrea). Patrols in contact with enemy near Marda Pass, 8 miles from Jijiga (Abyssinia).

Home Front.—Slight day activity, but no bombs dropped. Two day raiders destroyed. London heavily raided at night.

Greek War.—Italians attacked with tanks, but were again repulsed.

General.—Government introduced Bill to make civil defence compulsory.

THURSDAY, MARCH 20 *565th day*

On the Sea.—Admiralty announced successes of submarines against Italians. One transport certainly, another probably, sunk. Two supply ships sunk, a third almost certainly destroyed.

German dive-bomber destroyed by H.M. drifter Young Mun and H.M. yacht Chico.

In the Air.—Lorient submarine base bombed. Coastal Command attacked number of E-boats and enemy patrol vessel off Frisian coast.

War against Italy.—Hargeisa occupied.

Home Front.—During day Kent coastal town was bombed and machine-gunned. At night main attack was on Plymouth. Widespread damage from incendiary and high-explosive bombs. Raiders also over South Wales, east and south coasts, and London.

Greek War.—Restricted patrol and artillery activity.

FRIDAY, MARCH 21 *566th day*

On the Sea.—H.M. trawlers Kerryado and Gulfoss reported sunk.

In the Air.—R.A.F. attacked enemy warships and supply vessels off Frisian Islands and in Heligoland Bight, and bombed escorted tanker off Belgian coast.

Night raids on submarine base at Lorient and on docks at Ostend.

War against Italy.—Jarabub surrendered after siege of 15 weeks. Heavy air attacks on Harar and Diredawa.

Home Front.—During day bombs fell in Kent coastal town and at two places in Norfolk. At night Plymouth was again raided.

Greek War.—Enemy launched night attack in central sector, but was driven back.

Balkans.—Crisis in Yugoslavia over proposed pact with Axis. Four Serb Cabinet ministers resigned.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22 *567th day*

On the Sea.—Survivors from five ships of British convoy, said to have been torpedoed 100 miles north of Cape Verde Islands, reached land.

In the Air.—Enemy supply ships in Egersund Harbour, Norway, attacked and left blazing.

War against Italy.—Local successes during incessant fighting around Keren. Asmara heavily bombed by R.A.F.

Enemy raided Malta, but was chased out to sea by British fighters.

Home Front.—Enemy activity slight. Raider shot down near East Coast.

Balkans.—Opposition in Yugoslavia to compromise agreement with Germany increased.